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Hic <= Plancius> est e praefectura Atinati, non tam prisca, non tam honorata, non tam suburbana. Quantum interesse vis ad rationem petendi? Primum utrum magis favere putas Atinates an Tusculanos suis? Alteri <= Atinates>—scire enim hoc propter vicinitatem facile possum—cum huius ornatissimi atque optimi viri, Cn. Saturnini, patrem aedilem, cum praetorem viderunt, quod primus ille non modo in eam familiam, sed etiam in praefecturam illam sellam curulem adtulisset, mirandum in modum laetati sunt: alteros—credo, quia refertum est municipium consularibus, nam malivolos non esse certo scio—numquam intellexi vehementius suorum honore laetari. Habemus hoc nos, habent municipia nostra. Quid ego de me, de fratre meo loquar? quorum honoribus agri ipsi prope dicam montesque faverunt. Num quando vides Tusculanum aliquem de M. Catone illo . . . gloriari? at in quemcumque Arpinatem incideris, etiam si nolis, erit tamen tibi fortasse etiam de nobis aliquid, sed certe de C. Mario audiendum. . . . Omnia quae dico de Plancio dico expertus in nobis, sumus enim finitimi Atinatibus. Laudanda est vel etiam amanda vicinitas, retinens veterem illum officii morem, non infuscata malivolentia, non adsueta mendacii, non fucosa, non fallax, non erudita artificio simulationis vel suburbano vel etiam urbano. Nemo Arpinas non Plancio studuit, nemo Soranus, nemo Casinas, nemo Aquinas. Tractus ille celeberrimus, Venafranus, Allifanus, tota denique ea nostra illa aspera et montuosa et fidelis et simplex et faultrix suorum regio se huius honore ornari, se augeri dignitate arbitrabatur. . . .

Here we have both sides of the shield at once—a man's affectionate remembrance of his birthplace, and the unending interest of that birthplace in the man's career.

C. K.

(To be concluded)

CICERO AND OTHERS IN "THINGS NEW AND OLD"

To judge by the effect of her discussion, in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 14.2-3, upon one reader, I have no doubt that Miss Mildred Dean does vitally interest her fortunate pupils in the Orations against Catiline. Many another good teacher of Latin does likewise—but not most other teachers of Latin in our American Schools. What I said of Cicero, and of Caesar and Xenophon, too, in *Things New and Old*, in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 13.107-111, was not really directed at those authors, nor yet at the properly-trained teacher of Greek or Latin. If such teachers were in the majority, there would be no call for suggestions from an amateur, not quite an alien, as to what should be done for the study of Greek and Latin at a critical time in the history of humane letters. There would be no crisis. Every one engaged in the teaching of Caesar would, among other things, have swallowed whole the admirable work of T. Rice Holmes; as a result, almost every student of the Gallic War would discover the fascination of Caesar's military and political genius, the mixture of good and evil in that wonderful soul. Every teacher of Cicero would be as well-equipped as Miss Dean and the generality of those who consult *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY*; and nearly all our boys and girls would be vitally interested in the father of modern

eloquence. If it will help my argument, I may say that, in spite of an imperfect training in Greek and Latin, I am interested in everything that Caesar, Cicero, and Xenophon have left us, and believe that, with a little private reading, and a little practice, I could interest almost any normal boy or girl in such works of those authors as are commonly studied.

But let us deal with the facts. The rank and file of teachers of Latin are not adequately trained. A sign (as Aristotle would say) is their inability to read Latin books in the way that books should be read. For example, they do not know how the *Aeneid* turns out at the end. Let me repeat that I am not thinking of the sort of teacher who is likely to meet these words in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY*, nor am I well-acquainted with many of the sort that I have in mind and now refer to. I am forced to judge of these latter, bad teachers—the majority—and of the suitability and unsuitability of various classical texts for use in the Schools, by the fruits that appear in the shape of University students of English.

For years in all my classes, and of late particularly in one Sophomore class where we use a very little Latin of the simplest sort, chiefly mediaeval, I have made a systematic inquiry that has yielded the following results.

(1) The would-be student of literature has generally been spoiled for Latin (and English) by his first contact with Latin; for a fatal dislike of the subject, and his apprehension when confronted with any phase of it, he may thank his first teacher of Latin. The dislike and the apprehension are acquired in the primary stages.

(2) The dislike of Caesar in University students is great and general. The exceptions that I have found are negligible.

(3) The dislike of Cicero is not so inveterate or usual as the dislike of Caesar, but nevertheless may be described as great and general. Cicero, however, and the Orations against Catiline, occasionally have one staunch defender in ten students, or two or three in twenty.

(4) Virtually all who have studied Vergil not only prefer the *Aeneid* to the Orations of Cicero and the Gallic War, but positively like the *Aeneid*.

(5) This year I found two Sophomores who knew the outcome of the *Aeneid*; at School they had read the latter six books in an English translation.

(6) I never have met a student of Ovid who has not retained a pleasant memory of the experience.

Now I am far from maintaining that the end of education is pleasure or enjoyment as undergraduates conceive of these; a true and lasting satisfaction is the end. But pleasure—an honorable pleasure suited to the age of the student—is an indispensable means; and a well-nigh universal dissatisfaction with any author as he is commonly taught is a contra-indication against the use of that author in the present state of affairs. The well-trained teacher may be left to his or her own

devices. But until virtually all our teachers of Latin are well-trained, let us advocate the use of books and authors that the rank and file of instructors cannot wholly spoil.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

LANE COOPER.

NOTES ON SUMMER TRAVEL IN ITALY AND DALMATIA

So many friends have urged me to tell them present conditions of travel in Italy in the summer that I wish to send an early answer through the pages of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY that may help decide indefinite plans for another season. First let me say that the American newspapers generally are no guide about anything Italian; to one who is here their representations of Italian conditions seem about as unsatisfactory as our present knowledge of the heart of Russia. Since I crossed the Alps and at Bardonecchia knew I was on Italian soil, I have been in a quiet country, with a *facchino* always on hand to carry my suit-cases, delicious Italian food, fruit and wines even at railroad stations, magnificent opera being given in midsummer, at Milan and Verona, the brilliant pageant *Palio* run at Siena, and the art galleries of Florence open with an illuminating new arrangement of their treasures. And, though Italy is in the midst of the social and industrial reconstruction that is affecting the whole world, while the red flag flies from factories occupied by workmen, all the country, watching the experiment with interest, continues its normal life. Judging from my own experience, I must add that excellent accommodations in pensions and hotels are easy to find, and reasonable in price, that the Italians wish tourists for the income they bring to the country, and that there is no general feeling of antagonism towards Americans.

So much for external conditions. Personally I feel it is a wonderful time to be here when a new Italy in a new *risorgimento* is struggling with gigantic throes to a stature as yet unrealized. While the trenches along the Piave are still unfilled, while great concrete foundations for anti-aeroplane guns still crown the point of Sirmione and an officer's fort is camouflaged in the "Grotte di Catullo" (vivid traces of the Great War), and while the Adriatic problem is as unsolved as it was in the days of the Ligurian pirates, Italy's thought burns with memories of her dead and projects for the living, and at one time tries to solve internal reconstruction and the immemorial conflict between the East and the West. To begin, even, to understand this new Italy it is necessary to live with it.

Travel is easily possible, not only throughout Italy, but to Dalmatia. For the knowledge of Italy, old and new, at least a week in Dalmatia should be included in a summer itinerary. You all know the famous monuments which have attracted the classical scholar across the Adriatic (the amphitheater at Pola, the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato), but, since I have not been able to find any adequate *guida*, I wish to jot down notes

of the richness of my own limited, but unusual, trip. Crossing Italy from Florence to Faenza, from Faenza to Ancona was in itself most illuminating. The journey should be made by day for the scenery of the Apennines and the topography of the Eastern coast, which the railroad skirts from Rimini to Ancona, a low, sandy beach, stretching for miles level, beaten by the roll of the surf, exposed at every point to attack. As the train jogs slowly on, memories come rushing to supplant and supplement modern names. Here at Forlì (Forum Livii) was born that brilliant young poet, beloved by Vergil, who ruined his career in politics, Cornelius Gallus. Is this tiny trickle of water the fateful stream where the die was cast? Rimini (Ariminum) shows a long, narrow water-way, filled with golden, bronze, and crimson sails, but no glimpse from the train of the arch to Augustus which still commemorates his restoration of the Via Flaminia. The Metaurus River is visible, spreading broad and shallow over green meadow, near which, further back from the coast, two consuls checked Hasdrubal's advance and ended forever Hannibal's hopes. Now at sunset we come to the Greek-named elbow of Ancona's harbor, with the arch marking Trajan's quays and the columns of the temple of Venus gracing the interior of the cathedral on the heights.

Comfortable steamers running regularly from Ancona to Zara or Sebenico with good meals for good sailors make the next day on the Adriatic a joy for those who do not mind a *mare un poco cattivo*. The crossing is an ocean voyage in miniature, out of sight of land for hours, ending in the magnificent surprises of the approach to the Dalmatian coast. Going to Zara, the boat threads its way through a labyrinth of multi-colored islands, approaching what seem unscalable heights, for the distant land shows one long ridge of sheer, blue mountains. As one nears shore, the range recedes a little and leaves visible the narrow strip of coast which is Dalmatia. There could be no greater contrast than this between the low, Western coast-line of the Adriatic and this rock-bound shore, defended absolutely by triple lines of islands, harbors completely fortified by nature, and the protecting rear-guard of Velebit range and Dinaric Alps. The topography itself is what makes the Italians say that the sea unites and the mountains divide; that Italy can never maintain the peace for which she fought so heroically in the Great War, unless she can, from the Dalmatian side of the Adriatic, police what must be *mare nostrum*.

Zara is a city with an atmosphere of culture and pride in her long history of Illyrian, Roman, and Venetian days. At the library, I met its *custode*, Professor Vitaliano Brunelli, who in 1913 published the first volume of his scholarly history of the city, dedicated "A Zara gentile con affetto e riconoscenza di figlio". There he traces the ancient conflicts that swept sea and coast from the hegemony of the Illyrians to the incursions of the Greeks from the South and the Celts from the North, the Roman conquests of the third century,